THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, AT EASTON, MD.

TERMS:

Two Dollars cash in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid in advance. Clubs of Twenty, Thirty Dollars in advance.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the direction of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

All letters and communications should be addressed to the Editor.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square—8 lines—one insertion, $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

Advertisements not specified in the number of times to be inserted, will be published till, and continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special Notices in Local column, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

The Easton Star.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Commerce and Domestic News.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1877. VOL. XIII.—NO. 6.

To Travelers

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

THE HIGHLAND LIGHT, Captain R. T. Leonard, will leave pier 3, Light street, foot of Camden, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 9 o'clock A. M., for EASTON, Double Mills, Oxford, Bozman, Fairlee's, Chesapeake, Chapeller's Point, Gum Thicket and Medfordville, making close connection with the Eastern Shore Railroad at Easton and with Maryland & Delaware Railroad at Cambridge. On Tuesday trip will be extended to Denton, making all the regular landings on the River. On the return trip, will leave Denton every Wednesday at 12 o'clock noon, and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday will leave Oxford at 2, Cambridge 5, and Easton at 9 o'clock P. M., arriving in Baltimore early next morning. On and after Tuesday, June 12th, the Steamer SLIGO will run in place of the HIGHLAND LIGHT, Captain John H. Klawin, will leave Pier 3, Light st., foot of Camden, every TUESDAY and SATURDAY, at 6:30 A. M., for St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry (Eastton). On the return trip, will leave Miles River Ferry at 11 o'clock A. M., and reach Baltimore at 3 P. M.

Freight received at pier 3, Light st. wharf, and promptly handled.

Baltimore, March 27, 1877.

Fruit Season Arrangement.

On and after Monday, August 6,

THE STEAMER

OLIVE,

Will Run as follows:

FOR BALTIMORE

Leave Wye Landing and Trimble's Wharf every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 10 M.

Leave Tudis' Wharf every Monday and Thursday at 2 P. M.

Leave St. Michaels every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 8 P. M.

Leave Claiborne every Monday and Thursday at 3:45 P. M., and every Tuesday and Friday at 11 A. M.

FROM BALTIMORE.

Leave Baltimore every Tuesday and Friday at 6 A. M. for Claiborne, Wye Landing, Trimble's Wharf and St. Michaels.

Leave Baltimore every Wednesday at 10 A. M., for Claiborne, St. Michaels, Tunis' Wharf, Trimble's Wharf and Wye Mills.

Leave Baltimore every Saturday at 10 A. M., for Claiborne, St. Michaels and Tunis' Wharf.

E. S. DODSON, Proprietor.

St. Michaels, August 1, 1877.

Maryland & Delaware

RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, Aug. 6th, 1877, Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.			GOING SOUTH.		
LEAVE			LEAVE		
Dover	4 30	A. M.	New York	6 25	P. M.
Cowland	4 45	"	Baltimore	8 50	A. M.
Jordan	4 55	"	Philadelphia	9 30	"
Hinton	5 10	"	Wilmington	9 35	"
Rigby	5 25	"	Clayton	10 15	"
Greenborough	5 45	"	Kenton	10 25	"
Johnsborough	6 00	"	Chestnut Hill	10 35	"
Hadersons	6 10	"	Harrisville	12 00	P. M.
Ferrydel	6 25	"	Henderson	12 15	
Slaughters	6 40	"	Goldsborough	12 30	"
Denton	6 55	"	Greensborough	12 50	"
ARRIVE AT			Ridgely	1 05	"
Clayton	7 10	"	Hillsborough	1 20	"
Wilmington	8 50	"	Cordova	1 35	"
Philadelphia	10 08	"	Woodland	1 45	"
Baltimore	11 35	"	ARRIVE AT		
New York	2 00	P. M.	Easton	2 00	"

GOING NORTH.			GOING SOUTH.		
LEAVE			LEAVE		
Easton	10 30	A. M.	New York	12 55	P. M.
Woodland	10 45	"	Baltimore	3 00	"
Cordova	11 00	"	Philadelphia	5 15	"
Hillsborough	11 20	"	Wilmington	6 30	"
Ridgely	11 40	"	Clayton	8 10	P. M.
Greensborough	12 05	"	Kenton	8 25	"
Goldsborough	12 30	"	Slaughter's	8 40	"
Henderson	12 50	"	Ferrydel	8 55	"
Harrisville	1 05	"	Hadersons	9 05	"
Slaughters	1 30	"	Goldsborough	9 20	"
Kenton	1 55	"	Greensborough	9 40	"
ARRIVE AT			Ridgley	9 55	"
Clayton	2 20	"	Hillsborough	10 10	"
Wilmington	4 20	"	Cordova	10 25	"
Philadelphia	5 45	"	Woodland	10 35	"
Baltimore	7 55	"	ARRIVE AT		
New York	10 05	"	Easton	10 50	"

Are eight minutes after the railroad station at Easton daily (Sundays excepted) for Trains going south, and will lay over twenty-four hours. Freight trains will have passenger car attached and will be subject to delays incident to freight business.

J. L. CALDWELL, Superintendent.

Easton Livery Stables.

FRANKLIN G. WRIGHT, PROPRIETOR

(Two doors next door to The Easton Star Office.)

TRAVELERS will deposit their whips, robes, blankets, &c., at the office. Stable accommodations for 100 horses. Horses received on livery by the day, week, month or year. Horses and carriages for hire at all times. Travelers promptly sent to any part of the county or adjoining counties. Hacks run regularly to the steamboat landings, to convey passengers with dispatch.

The highest market price paid for corn, hay, rye, blades and straw.

A DAILY STAGE LINE TO THE RAILROAD. Passengers leaving Easton in the morning arrive in Baltimore and Philadelphia in time for dinner.

In hiring horses, 12 hours is considered a day, 6 hours a half day. For extra hours an extra charge will be made.

Easton, Md., ser22

Easton carriage Depot,

AT

Machinery Hall,

Opposite Justice P. W. Stewart's Office.

THE public are informed that I have opened a large stock of Carriages suitable for this section, of the strongest and most approved patterns and patents, and am offering them at prices that defies competition. Any style of carriage not kept in stock can be furnished in a short time. Those in want of carriages are invited to call and examine my stock. I guarantee to sell as cheap as any house in the State.

A. H. LARRIMORE.

Apr25-6m L G O

PAINT.

BRADLEY'S

Patent Enamel Paint,

Mixed Ready for Use.

The only genuine Liquid Enamel Paint. Sold everywhere giving Universal Satisfaction.

Acknowledged to be the Best in the Market.

Price Reduced to Two Dollars per Gallon.

This paint contains the essential requisites of a first-class article (good body and glossy finish) as can be seen on the front of my store and dwelling; also on the new American Building, Baltimore city.

G. W. MUNICH, Local Agent, opposite the bank.

LUMBER!! LUMBER!!

Building Materials of all Kinds.

Weatherboarding, Shingles, Laths, Lime & Hair, Sash, Mouldings &c. Framing, Flooring, Bricks, Doors, Shutters, &c.

White, Virginia and Carolina Pine.

Fencing, Fence Posts, and Cant Rails.

Lumber Dressed and Undressed.

Farmers and Builders, Look to your Interests.

Everything at Bottom Prices.

LUMBER-YARD AND OFFICE ON WASHINGTON STREET, NEAR THARP'S PEACH HOUSE

The subscriber informs the public that he has a full line of all kinds of building material and fencing particularized above, which he is offering at city prices. He particularly invites a call from all wanting lumber, satisfied that he can please all as to PRICE and QUALITY.

John A. Airingdale.

THE GREAT DEMAND

For our

POPULAR CLOTHING

has induced us to place upon our counters the largest and finest line of goods to be found in the city.

OUR MEN'S DEPARTMENT

is filled with new and choice styles from lower to finer grades. Gentlemen desiring suits for either business or dress wear will find it to their advantage to make their selections with us.

Our Boys' Department

is a special feature of our business and contains everything new and desirable in the way of cut and fabrics, including many styles not to be found elsewhere. Parents and Guardians should not fail to inspect our goods and prices before making their purchases.

NEW YORK ONE-PRICE CASH CLOTHING HOUSE.

184 West Baltimore st., opposite Light st., Baltimore.

Beauty!! Excellence!!! Durability!!!

QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS!

Are the leading characteristics of the immense New Stock of

Fall & Winter Clothing

just opened by us.

CHAS. N. OEHN & SON,

Wholesale and Retail Clothing House,

230 West Pratt street, near Hanover street, adjoining Citizens National Bank, BALTIMORE, MD.

SPECIALTIES.

We are making specialties of solid, heavy, substantially made and shrunk FARM SUITS which we are selling at $8:50 and $10

ALSO.—Fine and Elegant Business and Dress Suits at $10, $12, $15, $16, $16:50, $18, $20, $25, $28, $30, $85.

oct9-3m

1115 WM. T. HOPKINS, 133

1115 Chestnut Street and 133 North Eighth Street, PHILADELPHIA.

CORSETS! CORSETS!! CORSETS!!

40,000 PAIRS OF CORSETS.

EVERY DESIRABLE QUALITY AND PRICE, FROM 50c TO $10 PER PAIR. ALL GREATLY REDUCED IN PRICES.

R. WERLY'S Double Bone Corsets at $2.10, $2.25 and $2.50. Reduced from $3 and $2 25.
FRENCH WOVEN CORSETS, from 68c to $5 40.
HAND-MADE CORSETS, from 50c to $10.
THOMPSON'S GLOVE FITTING CORSETS, at 85c, $1.08, $1.25, $2.25, $3 and $4.
GLOVE FITTING VENTILATING CORSETS for summer, at greatly reduced prices.
THE "COQUET" CORK CORSET, at $1 and upwards
MRS. MOODY'S Patent Self Adjusting Abdominal Corsets, all qualities, at prices just reduced, at $2.38, $2.35 and $4.95. Beware of lower-priced and greatly inferior goods being sold as the best Moody Corsets. Nursing Corsets at $1.85 and $2.38.
MAD. FOY'S Corset Skirt Supporters much below former prices $1 and upwards
DR. WARNER'S Health Corsets, quality great y improved and prices reduced to $1 35 and $1.60.
MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S CORSETS and Waists, at very low prices, from 50c to $1 25.
FRENCH HAND-MADE Coutilla Corsets, from $2.50 to $5; all greatly reduced in prices.
CORSET CLASPS at 5c, 8c, 10c, 13c, 15c, 25c, 30c and 45c per pair. LADIES FORMS at 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, &c.
WE HAVE EIGHT styles of $1 Corsets, including Woven and Hand-made, the best Corsets at the prices EVER SHOWN in the AMERICAN MARKET.
UNDERGARMENTS, LADIES' and CHILDREN'S MUSLIN SKIRTS, Night Dresses, Chemises, Toilet Sacques, Corset Covers, Aprons, &c., all greatly reduced in prices. Our Under garments are unequalled in quality, variety or cheapness by any other establishment in Philadelphia, and special discounts of 5 and 10 per cent. for cash. Call and see them.
HOOP SKIRTS AND NEW TRAIL BUSTLES.—We call special attention to our new styles of "Champion" Combination, Princess, and all other desirable styles of Hoop Skirts, from 45c to $2. Our own make and Eastern makes. Also to our complete lines of Pauter Bustles, in every desirable style, from 25c to $4.25; qualities improved and prices reduced.

We are at all times prepared to show complete assortments of the above specialties, from the finest to the lowest grades, at PRICES that will ALWAYS be found AS LOW or LOWER than any others. Purchasers can save time and money by examining our goods before purchasing elsewhere. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Terms Cash and One Price only at each Store. Wholesale and Retail.

1115 Chestnut and 133 North Eighth Street PHILADELPHIA.

1115 WM. T. HOPKINS, 133

June 26, 1877-4m

PURE ESSENCE JAMAICA GINGER,

Prepared and for Sale by

Henry & Goldsborough,

IS particularly recommended as a tonic in debility resulting from long and lingering diseases, a few drops imparting to the stomach a glow and vigor equal to a wine glass of Brandy or other stimulant, without any of the debilitating effects which are sure to follow the use of liquor of any kind, and it is therefore especially serviceable to the travelling public, hackmen and children in correcting the bad effects from drinking water, and will be sold dog. Ask for Hunter's Jamaica Ginger. Drug Store of

HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH.

The American Star Leather Dresser

NOW is the time to make your Carriage and harness look new. No washing of leather required. It will remove all the dirt, dust and sweat which goes into the sponge, leaving the leather with all the appearance of new. Price per box 25 cents.

For sale at

L G Henry & Goldsborough.

PROPOSALS FOR LOANS.

THE Board of Directors of the W. P. B. L. A. of Talbot county give notice that APPLICATIONS FOR LOANS from the Association may be made in writing to the Secretary, or other officer, at any time, and will be acted upon at their regular meetings on every alternate Monday evening. By order of Board,

J. G. SYERS, Secretary.

TRAPPE, Talbot Co., Aug. 8, 1877.

In presenting to the Farmers the present season

PATAPSCO GUANO

And Patapsco Grange Mixture,

I have the advantage of practical personal experience and the testimony of all my friends who have used it on, and I recommend them without hesitation having used nearly all the high grade and high priced manures. I find those mentioned above have paid me best, and they are much lower in price, lower than any similar goods and of uniform quality and fine drilling condition.

The record made by these Guanos will double sales of last year, and I urge my friends to give me timely notice of their wants. The certificates appended will show the appreciation of Patapsco and Grange Mixture in this locality, and knowing the Company as well as I do, I can guarantee that the same standard will be maintained

JOHN K. CAULK.

The Proof!

Trappe, July, 1877.

John K Caulk:—I used Patapsco Grange Mixture and Guano side by side, my yield is the best for years, and although the Peruvian cost so much more, the Grange Mixture did me quite as much good. The yield was about 30 bushels per acre W. J. MARVEL.

Trappe, July, 1877.

John K. Caulk:—I used Turner's Excelsior and Patapsco Grange Mixture; upon threshing if there was any difference in yield, I could not detect it, one doing quite as well as the other. Both used in equal quantities.

THOS. A. LEONARD

John K. Caulk:—The Grange Mixture purchased of you paid me handsomely. It is a first-class manure. W. H. PARROTT.

Trappe, July, 1877.

John K. Caulk:—I used Patapsco Grange Mixture broadcast, and my yield was 18 bushels for one seeded JAS. R. LEONARD.

Trappe, July, 1877.

Value to walk: Patapsco Grange Mixture is decidedly the best manure I have ever used. With an application of 200 pounds per acre, I have made the best crop of wheat ever made on the land, and the grass is magnificent.

E. W. NORRIS.

Trappe, July, 1877.

John K. Caulk:—I used Patapsco Grange Mixture, and am satisfied that it is as good, to say the least, as any I have ever used; upon thin orchard land I obtained 15 bushels for one seeded. My great crop I used Grange Mixture, is far ahead of any I have ever seen, and the yield of wheat was large for the character of land. SOLOMON MULLIKIN.

Trappe, July, 1877.

John K. Caulk:—I used Patapsco Grange Mixture upon corn land, and have never made so much wheat upon the same land. It threshed out about 20 bushels to the acre.

R. HOPKINS.

McDaniel's town, July, 1877.

Dear Sir: I used the Patapsco Grange Mixture on my crop of wheat last fall. My crop was about 23 bushels per acre, on a corn land, the land being thin having just raised from it a very large crop of corn. I attribute my success partly to the use of the Keller drill, though in seeding my fertilizer, at the rate of 200 pounds per acre. I think it paid at least 300 per cent. on money invested in it.

WM. E. LOWE.

Wittman's, July, 1877.

I used Patapsco Guano, 200 lbs per acre, and my yield is 850 bushels, from 45 seeded. I do not hesitate to say that this is the best fertilizer I have ever used, as the largest yield obtained from the same land for many years was 425 bushels. JAS. T. WRIGHTSON.

Wittman's, July 1877.

Dear Sir:—I used both Patapsco Guano and Patapsco Grange Mixture, I could see no difference whatever between them. My crop was a little over 20 bushels per acre.

HUGH DAVIS.

I put my wheat in with the drill about the middle of October ground very wet, so much so, it was impossible to properly prepare it; I used both Patapsco and Patapsco Grange Mixture, and am not prepared to say which did the most good, both doing so well; from 34 bushels (the 100 lbs Peruvian to the acre) I got 900 bushels of wheat, and think the army worm cut it short about 100 bushels. From 35 acres of corn land using Patapsco and Grange Mixture side by side I obtained 800 bushel, or about 26½ bushels per acre from half of it, and 22½ bushels from corn land, the best yield I have had on this land, and I do not hesitate to repeat my former endorsement of these manures, as they are first class in every particular. WM. L. WRIGHTSON.

July, 1877.

Dear Sir:—I used last fall upon my wheat, Patapsco and Patapsco Grange Mixture, I think the Patapsco the best I ever used, and believe the Grange equally as good in proportion to price. I have used Mapes, Philips, Rhodes, Turner's Excelsior, and many others.

JAMES SMITH JR D

St. Michaels, July 1877.

Dear Sir:—I used Patapsco and Patapsco Grange Mixture, applying 175 lbs on my best land, and 200 on turnip land, per acre, in the drill. My yield was 25 bushels per acre, of excellent quality. J. E. McDANIEL.

Bay Hundred, July, 1877.

Dear Sir:—I used Patapsco Guano on my wheat last fall, and am satisfied the fertilizer paid me handsomely. I have threshed, and the fertilized wheat yielded 50 per cent. more than where none was used. Actual measurement. JAMES S. DUNCAN.

JOHN K. CAULK,
Agent for Trappe District.

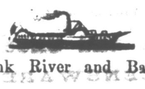
FRANK G. WRIGHTSON,
Agent, Bay Side.

aug21-2m

To Farmers and Merchants

On Choptank River.

Steamer Ruggles



Choptank River and Baltimore.

WE beg to announce that we have placed the good Steamer RUGGLES, Capt. Townsend, upon the Choptank River as a Freight Boat to and from Baltimore, and solicit the patronage of farmers and others to sustain the enterprise. This is exclusively a Freight Line for transportation of Grain, Fruit, Truck, Merchandise, &c., at reasonable rates. A good wharf has been secured in Baltimore, foot of Commerce street, for delivery and receipt of cargo. The RUGGLES will leave Choptank River on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS, leaving Coward's Point at 10 A. M., and stopping at Reese's Landing, Gilpin's Point, Kingston, Dover Bridge, Hog Island, Lloyd's Landing, Medford's, Wharf, Cliff, Cabin Creek, Jamaica Point.

Will leave Baltimore on TUESDAY and SATURDAY evenings.

Every effort will be made to satisfy the patrons of the Steamer and merit a share of their patronage.

WM. M. PARTRIDGE.

Wm. E. Tessier, Agt. on the Choptank.

Baltimore, August 8th, 1877.

SMUT is not easily cured in these times, but it can be made to have trouble by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the business that we furnish. $66 per week in your own time. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making over $50 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made as easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address at once, E. Hanney & Co., Portland, Maine. July28,1y

SLIPS for PICTURE FRAMES, assorted colors. G. W. MUNICH, opposite the Bank.

KELLER'S VEGETABLE LIFE DROPS

In the introduction of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops, a new departure has been instituted. Instead of appealing to the credulity and desperation of the sick, the judgment of all is addressed in "A Brief Manual of Purgative and Depurative Medicine,"—to be had of druggists free of charge, and given with every bottle of the Drops,—written for those who, having a perception of their diseases, can intelligently apply the principles therein contained, with the assurance of relief and cure of

Diseases of the Blood

LIVER AND STOMACH;—

INDIGESTION,

Dyspepsia, Constipation, &c.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

by their peculiar alterative and purgative influence, act especially upon the BLOOD, purifying it, and removing such diseases as

Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Ulcers, Rheumatism, Pimples, Skin Diseases, Blotches, Neuralgia, Boils, Eruptions, Headache, Nervousness, Jaundice, Fever & Ague, Colds, Loss of Appetite,

and KINDRED DISEASES, resulting from impoverished or vitiated BLOOD.

DYSPEPSIA.

The possession of pure blood depends upon good digestion; for where derangement of the digestive function exists disease inevitably results, and Dyspepsia, with all of its terrors and tortures, becomes established.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

are a specific for DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY, HEARTBURN CRAMPS, NAUSEA and VOMITING, Pains in the Head, Side and Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Hypochondria, and all that train of diseases arising from Indigestion.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

When from any of the numerous exciting causes the Liver begins to act abnormally, the bile remains in the system, vitiating and perverting every vital process, and causing Boils, Carbuncles, Blotches, Pimples, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Dysentery, Kidney and Bladder diseases, and many other disorders, all originating directly or indirectly from the Liver. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops induce the healthy action of the Liver by providing for the removal of the biliary constituents by the Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

CONSTIPATION.

The suppression and retention of the contents of the alimentary canal produce Foul Breath, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Chronic Headache, Skin affections, and very many other diseases referable to the insidious influence of Constipation. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops promptly cure this disease, and all the bad effects attending upon or resulting from it.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

are the safest remedy for those peculiar diseases arising from the structural differences between the sexes, and known as Female Complaints.

The use of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops has been thus only partially indicated; their range of application is very great, and their work is always more than satisfactory. Their remarkable efficacy, as already shown, is particularly exhibited in diseases of Blood, Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops are recommended as being the best and cheapest FAMILY MEDICINE ever offered, and are sold by druggists and dealers at 50 cents a bottle, or five bottles for $2.

W. L. KELLER, Chemist,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fall and Winter Goods

S. KANN,

154 and 156 Broadway street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Dealer in Foreign and Domestic

DRY GOODS,

Has now in store a complete stock of

Black Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Blankets, Flannels, Cassimeres and Domestic Goods

of every description. Prices warranted lower than anywhere in the city. This is the

Largest Dry Goods Store in Baltimore. oct. 9,77-1yr

FRESH ARRIVAL OF BOOTS & SHOES.

A. A. Hughes has just received a fine assortment of Ladies' Gaiters, Boots and Shoes, Misses and Shoes. Will sell cheap.

MARTIN & CO. Bake daily all kinds of cakes and bread. Country stores supplied by Steamboat, Rail, or their wagon, which runs regularly.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

The farmer came in from the field one day,
His languid step and his weary way,
His tanned brow, his sinewy hand,
All showed his work for the good of the land.

For he sows,
And he hoes,
And he saws,
All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,
Light of his home and joy of his life,
With face all aglow and busy hand,
Preparing the meal for her husband's band:

For she must boil,
And she must broil,
And she must toil,
All for the good of the home.

The bright sun shines when the farmer goes out,
The birds sing sweet songs, lame fields about,
The brook babbles merrily in the glen,
While he works so bravely for the good of men;

For he sows,
And he mows,
And he hoes,
All for the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within,
The dishes to wash, the milk to skim;
The fire goes out, flies buzz about—
For the dear ones at home her heart is kept stout;

There are pies to make,
There is bread to bake,
And steps to take,
All for the sake of the home.

When the day is o'er, and the evening is come,
The creatures are fed, the milking done,
He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,
From the labor of the land his thoughts are free;

Though he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun,
Takes her burden up that's never done;
There is no rest, there is no play,
For the good of the house she must work away;

For to mend the frock,
And to knit the sock,
And the cradle to rock,
All for the good of the home.

When autumn is here, with its chilling blast,
The farmer gathers his crop at last;
His barns are full, his fields are bare,
For the good of the land he ne'er hath care,

While it blows,
And it snows,
Till winter goes,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,
Is the children's guide, the husband's stay;
From day to day she has done her best,
Until death alone can give her rest;

For after the test
Comes the rest,
With the blest,
In the farmer's heavenly home.

—Christian Union.

The Postman's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

ARE there in America—I doubt not there are—children likesome of our English children whose constant outcry is that they "hate lessons?" Regardless of the endless anxieties—to say nothing of endless pounds—which their parents have expended upon their education, they seem determined to learn, not as much, but as little as they possibly can: are glad of any excuse that helps them to skirk work, and appear to consider that the whole end and aim of life is play. Poor little souls, they will soon find out their mistake! Quickly enough comes the time of all work and no play, when to please one's self to amuse one's self is the last thing one is ever able to think of. But—no preaching just now—I only want to tell, for the benefit of all the children, a simple little story which has lately come under my notice—a "quite true" story, though as yet a mere fragment, literally a "story without an end." What the end may be, fate—that is, God—will prove in time; meanwhile I can do no harm, and may do some good, especially to those lazy children aforesaid, to give its beginning.

I arrived one afternoon, on a brief three days' visit at a certain town in the west of England. Almost as soon as I entered there was put into my hand, with my post letters, another, unstamped, which looked not unlike a tradesman's circular, more especially as it was addressed in a clerkly, clerk like hand.

I noticed this, being rather particular about handwritings, as it is natural to one accustomed to read many MSS. Some people, especially young people, hardly recognize how strong is the involuntary impression thus given: whether good or bad, careless or neat, firm or feeble. I opened the letter:

"DEAR MADAM,—Please excuse the liberty I take in writing to you, but I have been so interested in some of you books—"

I closed abruptly. Truly, if one were given to profane jesting, one would be inclined to hope that heaven was a place where one's "works" did not follow one. Oh! the innumerable letters which we authors are in the habit of receiving, where a little eulogistic comment on their writings is followed by a reference to the correspondents' and a petition to read them or get them printed. A young "poet" actually once asked me to publish his volume at my own expense, adding that "posterity would reward me!" And something very like a page of verses occupied the second sheet of this letter. No wonder I shut it up with a kind of sigh, half weariness, half pity. Will these hapless rhymsters never learn that poetry—even real poetry—seldom pays? And prose scribblers, "the mob of gentlemen," or gentlewomen (alas! too often poor gentlewomen) "who write with ease," and think that their facility and their poverty constitute an undeniable claim upon the world to read them—can these unfortunates not take in the simple truth that really good work, soon or late, is sure to find its market—it is too rare a commodity not to be valuable—while bad work, however bestered up in the best of introductions, if anyone be incredible as to give them, will as certainly find its level too, and drop into its natural grave, the waste-paper basket?

Replacing the letter in its envelope, to be read when less busy, I did not think of it again for twenty-four hours.

"There was a note for you," said one of my friends the next day, "the postman brought it from his little invalid daughter. She cannot stir out of doors. She thought perhaps you might come and see her."

This was quite another story. Somewhat conscience-smitten, I sought for the letter, and responded it.

"So interested in some of your books which I have read, and so effect wishing to see you, that I thought perhaps if you could spare time you would not mind calling. Father, who is a man, tells me you were here.

"I am a little deformed girl, and am fast recovering from a severe attack of bronchitis. I have always been fond of reading and composing bits of poetry and prose. I inclose a little piece which I have written lately for you to see.

"Believe me to remain,

"Yours, respectfully,

"E. M. H."

I will not give her name or her address; we English are very reticent, and initials will answer all the purpose. But I must tell the world that any body have been touched by this simple little letter, still and nearly written, and (though perhaps grammar quite correct) remarkable for its fine offhand, as it seemed, ease. I know I am sorry to say, many a girl and boy (one of the same age, could make estimate from $100 to $500 a year for certain authors who can neither write nor spell half so well as the poetess in question. And the poem—well, it is—

"Where the far-off mountain in twilight
Stands
Above the dark forests that quiver
Where the shadows golden lights
Shimmer on the sunset river
Grow more and more
In my heart still fair as ever.

All around beneath, and over
Silver bells and music sing;
Valley lilies from my window
Shed out their sweet perfume sing;
But my lily is no matter
She is dead, as dies the spring.

Some day on a dream steamer
Far away to fairy river
In that joy-illumined land
Where no sad voice whispers "never!"
She will take me by the hand—
We shall live and love forever."

Nothing very wonderful, certainly, nor original: merely the echo of other poems with which the girl was familiar, but correct in rhyme and rhythm, gracefully musical—quite equal to many verses written in albums or sung in drawing rooms with great applause. Why, I have known middle aged bards who had grown gray in productions not very superior to that of this child of fifteen—this little deformed girl," as she wrote of herself, with such simple pathos. Do any of you blooming damsels of fifteen, just beginning to find out or to wish, that you were pretty—and no harm in being pretty, but a very great blessing, if you are not consoled over what is no merit of yours—do you, can you, imagine what it would be to write of your self deliberately, that pathetic line.

Unquestionably I must go and see her, and early next morning, the only time I had.

A lovely April morning it was, one of those days which make one feel glad to be alive. The garden was full of birds' songs, budding leafage and flowers, the jutting outlines of the moor mounting beyond looked exquisitely soft and still. Further, in another hour, we were all going—

"Beyond the blue hills' utmost rim,"

to a tiny bay, a paradise for children, where the miles and miles of bare green down and lofty cliffs closed into a hollow in which the beating of the tide lapped two arches of sea-worn rock, called the Mermaid's cave. Already we seemed to smell the salt breeze, as it came inland a few miles, bearing with it the scent of furzy commons and primrose lanes. And such blue sky—such sunshine! Yes, it was, as I say, good only to be alive.

We turned out into the fresh morning air, and went down to see the postman's daughter.

I do not know if she had expected us; probably she had; for, though so early in the forenoon, she was up and dressed—so far as it can be called "up" merely to move from bed to sofa. Her being "dressed" too, was a very mild form of toilette; still, she looked exceedingly neat and clean; even pretty—for she was rather pretty in face—and, alas! there was little to notice except the face; the poor stunted figure appeared no bigger than that of a child of ten years old, and the white, wasted hands were also unnaturally small. But the eyes, the brow—all she had of physical life seemed concentrated there.

One could quite understand how it was that the girl wrote poetry; how it was one of those abnormal cases in which the mind is too large for the body—or rather, when the mental faculties, deprived of the balance weight of a healthy body, take refuge within themself, and develop to an almost painful degree, often to the absolute ruin of that house of clay which may be said less to shelter than to imprison the soul.

In fine, this was obviously one of the sad stories, so common and so inexplicable, when "Why hast Thou made me thus?" seems the natural outcry; when reason sinks powerless to explain away what seems so cruelly unjust and hard, and even faith, quicker-sighted, can only accept the wonderful alleviations that sometimes come, and trust to having the mystery of it all cleared up one day. Evidently it had pleased God to give this poor girl a soul, but to put it into a body so feeble, so diseased, that how the two had held together for fifteen years was a marvel. Yet her looks were neither sad nor discontented; on the contrary, the face had a remarkably placid expression, and her smile of welcome and the words she said were equally self-possessed, gentle, and sweet.

Years, she had been lying there, not once out of the house, ever since Christmas—four months now. Part of that time she had suffered much (the root of her ailments was in the spine,) but she did not suffer now—not, anyhow, as formerly. She was very comfortable here, even though it was a street, and the room (a respectable artisan's parlor, about twelve feet square) was not large. But when the weather changed she hoped to get out into the garden behind; she had lain there a great deal last summer. The flowers beside her—yes, somebody had brought them: she was excessively fond of flowers. And books—she read every book she could get hold of; and she was teaching herself Latin and French; had tried to become pupil-teacher at a school, so as to earn her own living, but had been taken ill in health, and been obliged to come home. Probably she had worked too hard, been too anxious, for she did not get well, as other people, after an attack of bronchitis, but had been invalided for months. Certainly she did sometimes feel rather tired, but people were so very in coming to see her;" and so on, and so on.

All these facts, communicated scarcely so much by the girl herself—she seemed a very silent creature—as by her mother, a delicate-looking woman, neat, respectable, and quiet, reached me vaguely, for I felt oppressed by the exceeding radness of the whole thing, except for that which sanctifies sadness into something higher than joy—the brave endurance of an inevitable ill.

Inevitable it surely was. I saw at a glance that no earthly power could ever make this poor girl's life into a healthy life, or take from her that burden of pain which she must have borne from her cradle; never to lay down, except in the last bed, from which, we believe, the spirit springs triumphant into, not rest, but the everlasting and ever joyful service of God.

Poor child, only fifteen! to be left lying here, while I, a middle-age woman, but in perfect health and strength and capacity of enjoyment, was going with a tribe of children and young people across the green country to the beautiful sea-side, delicious to me still as to them. Our world, it seemed limitless: but here was condensed into one narrow room, the street outside, and a small glimpse of sky above the roofs of the opposite houses—except for that strange kingdom—"my mind to me a kingdom is"—which the poor young thing seemed to have taken by storm, against all opposition of fate, and where, by her looks at least, she reigned in content. Her books, her needlework, when she was too ill to study, the flowers beside her, the little MS. book which she did not offer me, nor did I propose to read—all bespoke a nature strong in itself, and capable of doing what so few of us do—making the best of things.

Poor little, scanty, meagre life, the girl herself—in fact, I could not; I felt that instead of instructing, I was learning. But I promised her a few books, and gave her the advice that a wise friend—a literary lady too—gives me in my teens: "My dear, never mind your poetry; finish your education."

Throughout that sweet spring day, full of a strange mixture of pleasure and pain, which it is needless to dilate upon here—across the scented moors and downs with fellow faces, and then, down down, every mile or, which we traversed, with many memories, until we came out upon the long line sea-line, calm as the eternity which rounds them all—I was followed by the thought of that helpless little figure and placid, contented face, lying in the dark corner, quite away from the sunshine, the sea-line, and the flowers.

Not altogether from these last, for one of my young folk took her the nicest of the most lovely handful of hyacinths, primroses, and violets, and I thought if only we could have had some of them as well as we, by the time we reached the last, and through the musical roar of the waves of the tide, at the mouth of the little rocky cave, Mermaid's Cave! But we had enough and to spare, and some to share with others, and, of course, it was too late, at present, at least, to think of her.

But "my faith is large in time," and in that future which, by some means or other, we believe, will be the way to a better future. Only the wise of are God-forsaken even in this oftentimes sorrowful world.

I went home, and turning over in my mind what could possibly be done to brighten that sad, monotonous life, to make the most of it for herself and for others, be it a long life or a short one, it occurred to me to send one or two of our poems, and tell her story, for the benefit of the readers of the Star. And in order that the facts might be given as in order that the facts might be given as I received them, I transcribed a portion of her letter, which her mother had told me, but which I had listened to in a nasty, prosaic railway station while watching, full of thoughts, the little childish face.

This was the answer I got, inclosed in a letter from the mother—both are worth any language of mine:

"I was 15 on July 13, 1877. I have been to Miss H——'s boarding school for two and a half years, before which I had a few months at the Mission school in this town. In addition to geography, history, etc., I learned French, did a little music. From midsummer to Christmas, 1876, I learned Latin, and taught a pupil class. In December, 1876, I passed the examination of the College of Preceptors, in the first division of the third class, and received a certificate for the seven subjects on which I was examined, viz., arithmetic, grammar, geography, English history, Scripture history, French, and free-hand drawing.

"I gained three first prizes in the first class before I began to teach—one for English and two for French and English. I also received some prizes from the editor of Kind Words, viz., senior prize in the young authors' competition, for a poem called 'Dreams and Realities,' two books, and ten shillings in money, July, 1874; senior prize in handwriting competition, January, 1874; junior prize for verses for a birthday card, October, 1874; senior prize for a poem on the 'Alphabet,' August, 1875. I also gained honorable mention in Kind Words for a sonnet, for handwriting (1875,) for an essay on a favorite proverb, for a set of button-holes, for a historical mental picture, and for six original proverbs. In July, 1876, I had a poem called 'Summer,' printed in Kind Words. E. M. H."

Merely this statement—bare